A King's Gambit

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A King's Gambit

by BoredPanda1

Summary

Harry Potter dies (shocker I know)

But this wasn't how his story was supposed go, Harry wasn't meant as a sacrificial lamb but a wolf to rule them all. Death has had enough of Dumbledore and his meddling so confronts Harry after he walked to his death and explains what has happened.

Betrayed, Angry and more importantly not fully Harry Potter...Aevos Severus Prince Evans decides to go back and take his rightful place as Ruler of Magical Britian...and this time he is going to pull down those who hurt him. He will have help along the way...and mend a bridge with his true father? Follow along because all hail the King

Notes

Welcome to my second ever fanfiction written on this platform! This is a time travel fix it sort of with a Harry is not a Potter twist and so much more. Please bare with me as I upload roughly weekly but it may be longer than that who knows?. Tags are accurate and some may be added, no relationship decided as of yet (trying to decide whether it should be Nottpot or Drarry). All comments welcome and enjoy chapter 1 of this brand new fic!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Harry Potter was dead

He knew when he walked into the Forbidden Forest that he wouldn't leave alive, the Horcrux in him dying at its creators hand. He didn't feel at peace as he assumed he would, nor did he have any clue where he was. He looked around a fairly large study space, rich dark woods made up the floor and the walls were covered in rich chocolate coloured wallpaper with a dark slate grey rug covering a large portion of it. The walls were filled with book cases and as Harry looked a little closer he saw each spine held a name and date, each book a different colour and bound in leather or fabric. The wooden shelves were plenty and groaning under the weight of the load they bared. In the centre of the study was a mahogany work desk, old and well used but not aged as such, ink marks splattered here and there and a few rough marks from a quill no doubt. The chair was an old wing back of sorts in deep green and looked comfortable enough to spend forever in. On the desk sat a book with a rich purple colour and a gold name scrawled on the cover '***Aveos Severus Prince-Evans***'. Harry frowned, he didn't know that name...did Professor Snape have an unknown child?

A door opened behind Harry and as he turned he felt shock ripple through him, the figure that entered was clearly not human, the skeletal hands and empty eye sockets giving that away but this isn't what shocked Harry. The figure was humanoid but stood about seven feet tall, dressed in a fully black suit and on the lapel of the blazer the emblem of the Deathly Hallows resided. A cloak was covering his body with the hood pulled up but Harry could see the figure had no eyes in his sockets and the hands unlike the rest were skeletal. "Ah hello Master, welcome to the study of Death." The figure spoke in a raspy kind of voice, like a smoker with weakening lungs or severely ill person. "M...Master? I think you are mistaken I am no one's Master." Death smiled, a bony looking thing that held a row of human teeth as he shed his cloak and placed it over the sofa beside the fireplace. "You have a lot to learn young one...and how I wish I wasn't the one to have to tell you." Death guided Harry to sit down on the sofa and lit the fire for aesthetic purposes...souls didn't need warmth after all.

"Master...there has been a lot that has been manipulated about your life, a lot of things changed from how my sister Fate designed them for you and in an ideal world I wouldn't be the one to tell you

this...but our mother Rhea is currently enacting her own revenge for that and trust me...she gets moody." Harry chuckled a little, even Death must be afraid of someone. "You aren't Harry Potter...not as your world knows anyway. You were born to Lily Clarice Evans and Severus Tobias Snape, you were born Aveos Severus Prince-Evans on the twenty-third of May nineteen eighty. Three days later Albus Dumbledore decided to make his false prophecy a thing and in doing so obliviated Lily of all memories of her marriage to Severus, her friendship with the dark faction and placed her with James and renamed you Harry Potter. He obliviated Severus and made him alone once more." Harry seethed, how dare Dumbledore change so much...but more importantly why? Death let him think, knowing it would be a little while before his thoughts settle. "Why...why would he do this?" Death sighed, stroking the cover of the book of Aveos "I wish I understood mortal emotions easily, Albus Dumbledore has always craved power and recognition and he once found that in his defeat of Grindlewald but once that passed he needed something else so created a new Dark Lord...I think you know the rest." Harry nodded absently, trying to absorb all the information. "I had a father alive this entire time...not that he liked me." Death smiled a little sadly "He was under heavy compulsions and spells his whole life. You have to understand that he was never given the chance to like you or see you as you." And with that Death pulled a parchment out of his robes and gave it to Harry.

Harry took the parchment and glanced at the swooping and loopy writing:

Condition upon death of: Severus Tobias Snape

Compulsions:

To hate James Potter, Sirius Black, Remus Lupin, Peter Pettigrew - Applied yearly since September 3rd 1971

To hate Gryffindor - Applied yearly since September 3rd 1971

To be cruel to all houses except Slytherin - Applied yearly since September 3rd 1982

To be harsh in grading and point giving - applied yearly since September 3rd 1982

To hate Harry Potter and see him as his father - applied yearly since September 1st 1991

To be loyal to Albus Dumbledore - Applied yearly since September 3rd 1971

Spells

Obliviates - To forget marriage to Lily Potter, to forget birth of Aveos Prince-Evans, to forget his refusal of the Dark Mark

Loyalty Bound - Focused on Albus Dumbledore, Order of the Phoenix - Note: Mark glamoured to look like Dark Mark

Blocks and Restrictions

Core restriction - 75% available

Core Leech - 25% to Albus Dumbledore

Mage sight - 100% blocked

Familiar bond - 100% blocked

Harry was mortified, this had all been done to his own father...and Harry could only guess who had done it. "This is only a small amount compared to yourself...and others like you." Harry looked at Death and felt sick, he had more than this? "Its too late to change this now..." Death smiled "Actually there has been a meeting held, my siblings and I have decided to send you back to the day of your 11th birthday. We will let you keep your memories and the first thing we ask is you go to Gringotts and get an inheritance test." Harry hummed and put down the parchment "What then? I will be eleven...not exactly independent." Death laughed, a grating and slightly scratchy noise which sent shivers down Harry's very being. "Master, once you get the inheritance test you will understand." Harry nodded, looking at his book in Death's hand "Okay, let's go again...time to be a ruler not a sacrificial pawn." Death smiled and nodded, clicking his bony fingers together and Harry's vision went black.

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Harry...no Aveos woke in the old dusty boot cupboard under the stairs in 4 Privet Drive and sighed, his old memories seeping in and mixing. He hated this cupboard, spiders hiding in all corners and the dust that fell as his whale of an uncle and cousin walked downstairs. He sat up, his back aching from the previous night's punishment, and pulled his

glasses on. The sound of his cupboard unlocking echoed in his quiet cupboard as the shrill voice of his aunt shrieked for him to get up. Aveos shook his head and swung his legs over the old cot and rubbed his temples, he didn't have time to play nice with these abusive people. Exiting the cupboard he went and did his morning routine of peeing and brushing his teeth before checking his reflection and huffed, no change yet. Entering the kitchen he saw his aunt sat at the table and was reading her book and not even lifting a finger to help him with breakfast. Aveos leant against the doorframe and looked around, he wasn't spending another moment here so he gathered the Hallows from the cot and opened the front door and left. Before he left Privet Drive he let his magic out and searched for the wards around the house...finding nothing except a magic dampening ward and an alert ward keyed to Dumbledore. Aveos sighed and walked around to the back of the house and apperated to Diagon Alley, forever leaving the little village in Surrey.

Aveos walked down the once again bright and vibrant street of Diagon Alley, the street filled with family's shopping and the workers coming to spend their hard earned galleons. Harry weaved through the crowd, his scar glamoured with wandless magic as he made his way the large and imposing white marble building that was Gringotts. Bowing his head to the goblin guards he entered the bank and looked around. He noticed that much hadn't changed since his first visit and the workers all busy and the wixen all rushing to get service. Harry approached one of the end teller desks and read the nameplate "*Sharpjaw',* Aveos covered his heart with a closed fist and bowed his head a little "May your axe remain bloodied Sharpjaw, I require assistance today." The mentioned goblin looked over his desk at the smallish child and frowned, not many wixen know the traditions and greetings of old. Sharpjaw nodded back "And may your enemies cower at your wand young wix, how may I be of service?" Aveos straightened up and said a bit quieter "I need to speak to the Potter Account Manager please, and I need an inheritance test." Sharpjaw glanced to the boy's head, noticing the scar and nodded "This way please." and with that Aveos was led into the back corridors of the bank and to a long hallway with lots of doors, each holding a nameplate off well off families. Sharpjaw knocked on a onyx stained door and left Aveos who entered when the goblin called.

The office which he entered wasn't lavish exactly but it held certificates in frames in languages he couldn't yet read and pictures of the goblin sat behind the desk shaking hands with wizards and witches alike. A solitary bookcase stood in one corner with books and ledgers filling the space and a couch beside a fireplace. The desk was

large and behind it sat a goblin who looked to be an elder. His wrinkles more defined and his hair white. He gestured to the seat in front of his desk "Hello young one, Sharpjaw said you wished to see me and need an inheritance test?" Aveos nodded and sat, looking at the various trinkets on the desk "Yes I do, I believe myself to be under a few spells and compulsions and may need a cleansing too." The nameplate on the desk read Steelmaw and said goblin sighed and brought out the bowl and parchment "I will do a full inheritance test then, this will show family, vaults, spells, blocks, compulsions and potions as well as whether a full health check will be needed." Aveos nodded and Steelmaw passed him an jewelled dagger to get blood drops and Aveos nodded and dropped seven into the bowl and soon the liquid turned a strange shade of olive green. Steelmaw dipped the parchment into the liquid and let it steep for five minutes before pulling it out as writing began appearing. Aveos was passed the parchment ten minutes later:

Inheritance Test for

Aveos Severus Prince-Evans

(Illegally known as Harry James Potter)

Parentage

Father/Sire: Severus Tobias Prince-Evans (Snape illegally)

Mother/Bearer: Lily Clarice Prince-Evans (Potter illegally)

Paternal Grandmother: Eileen Josephine Snape nee Prince

Paternal Grandfather : Tobias Nicholas Snape

Maternal Grandmother: Hope Rose Evans nee Gaunt

Maternal Grandfather: Ross Lee Evans

Father/Sire via illegal blood adoption: James Fleamont Potter

Paternal Grandmother via illegal blood adoption: Euphemina Rosalie Potter née Lovegood

Paternal Grandfather via illegal blood adoption: Fleamont Charlus Potter

Godfather: Lucius Abraxus Malfoy

Godmother: Zafrina Mercedes Zabini née Volataré

Godfather via illegal blood adoption: Sirius Orion Black III

Godmother via illegal blood adoption: Alice Jane Longbottom née Fortescue

Lordships/Heirships

Crowned Prince/Possible King to - Magical Britian via Emyrs Line via maternal line

Lord to the Ancient and Most Prestigious House of Slytherin

Lord to the Ancient and Most Prestigious House of Ravenclaw

Lord to the Ancient and Noble House of Potter

Heir to the Ancient and Disgraced House of Gaunt

Heir to the Ancient and Noble House of Prince

Heir to the Ancient and Noble House of Black

Spells, Blocks, Compulsions and Potions

Compulsions to hate: Slytherins, Malfoy family, Severus Snape, Dark side, Dark aligned families, Ravenclaws, Draco Malfoy

Compulsions to be obedient to: Albus Dumbledore, Ronald Weasley, Molly Weasley, Hermione Granger, Order of the Phoenix, Hogwarts Teachers

Compulsion to slack off with school work and underachieve

Compulsion to never seek medical care, refuse treatment

Compulsion to be reckless and self sacrificing

Hero complex compulsion

Compulsion to never seek information in regards to heritage or lordships

Compulsion to be like James Potter

Spells for:

Bad eyesight - to worsen until 11

To look like another - keyed to look like James Potter

To gain pain from scar when 'Voldemort' is mentioned

Blocks:

Core Block - 65% blocked

Core leech - 15% taken

Mage sight - 100% blocked

Familiar bond - 100% blocked

Metamorphmagus - 100% blocked

Parselmouth and Parselmagic - 100% blocked, 50% broken naturally

Soul mate bond - 100% blocked

Potions:

Illegal Blood Adoption administered 31st July 1980 keyed to James Fleamont Potter

FULL HEALTH CHECK REQUIRED IMMEDIATELY

Harry stared at the paper numbly...what the hell had Dumbledore done to him?

Cleansing

Chapter Summary

> Aveos gets healed, his father called and Aveos takes his lord and heirship rings.

Chapter Notes

> And we are back, I am going to try and update every Tuesday. Hope you enjoy this chapter and thank all of you for the kudos, comments and the bookmarks
>
> Note: Karandi is a made up work for my love

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The office was silent for a moment until *SMASH!* Aveos' magic ripped free in his anger and started destroying anything and everything it could. The aforementioned boy sat rigid with the paper clutched in his hand as he read what Bumblefuck had done to him. "Aveos drink this!" A potion vial was pushed into his hand as Steelmaw repaired the damage, understanding the boy's accidental magic. Harry took the extra strength calming draught and his hand merely trembled as it settled "I apologise Steelmaw...I hadn't assumed I was under any influence since this is my first time here." Steelmaw raised a bushy eyebrow "That may convince the wixen Mr Prince-Evans but you cannot lie to goblins, we know who you are and seek to help you take your rightful place as King." Aveos looked up in shock as Steelmaw tapped his temple and winked. It seemed the goblins were truly aware of who he was, this may be beneficial. "Mr Prince-Evans, we have different magic to wixen and are aware when you return to us. Do not worry you aren't alone. Right now however I need to call for a healer and let our king know of your return." And with that he summoned parchment and a pen and sent the notes away in a flash of light.

Ten minutes later a female goblin in a long white robe entered Steelmaw's office. Female goblins didn't look much different to their male counterparts except their hair was longer and their face less angular. "You called for me Accountant Steelmaw?" Steelmaw placed a closed fist over his heart and bowed his head a little before straightening up "Yes Healer Bagroth, my client here needs a full and in-depth medical scan as well as a cleanse." Healer Bagroth turned to Aveos and smiled, a sharp toothed grin with a row of pointy teeth that

looked like they were made for ripping flesh from bone. "Come along Childe of Mortemis, we will fix you up right away." And with that she turned and walked briskly out of the office. Aveos scrambled after her, following her down twisty corridors and further underground. Within minutes they arrived at a hospital like room that awed Aveos, it was nothing like Hogwart's hospital and didn't resemble the bank in any way. It was dug into the very earth itself, a vast cavern lit by gems embedded into the walls and giving its a soft glow. Bagroth pointed towards a bed and went to fetch a bowl from the station by the door. Aveos went and sat on the edge of the bed and when Bagroth came over with a gown "You can undress in the bathroom, once done come straight back here". Aveos walked to the bathroom, grateful for the privacy as he stripped off Dudley's old hand-me-downs and into the plain white gown.

Bagroth brought over the bowl and some vivid purple liquid and placed it on the table beside his bed "First I will need three drops of blood in the bowl and I can get your in depth medical reading and then I can see what cleansing you need." Harry did as instructed and soon the vivid purple turned to a murky brown as Bagroth soaked some empty parchment in it, humming as she works. Five minutes later the parchment was done and Bagroth took it and soon all colour drained from her face. Aveos watched a little curious, he had never seen a goblin turn that shade of white, Bagroth was cursing in gobbledegook at the sheer magnitude of what had happened to the wizard in front of her. There wasn't a single bone in his body that hadn't been broken with several healing wrong, severe malnutrition, anemia and his stomach had begun to eat away at his organs in an attempt to feed itself. Lack of vitamins, minerals and or any immunisation both muggle and magical as well as bruising, scarring along his skin and skull fractures and concussions. The boy was a walking disaster and if she ever found out who did this the they would be meeting the sharp end of her axe. She immediately called for her three apprentices: Lodgok, Galrod and Namheck who appeared in record time. Aveos sat oblivious, not being handed the paper to see the true extent of his damage. "Right, Lodgok go and gather three of the best curse breakers...we are going to need them for the cleansing and blocks. Galrod go and gather the ingredients needed for scar treatment and get a big batch. Namheck go and fill the tub, we need healing waters for this one." There was a flurry of activity as the three goblins went to do as bid and Bagroth sighed and gave the paper over "We will be here for quite some time young one. We break all compulsions, blocks and spells and then we heal." Aveos nodded as she guided him to lay back.

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After nearly four hours of painful non stop treatment Aveos had finally passed out and Bagroth sent the others away, they wouldn't continue for a while or it would overuse the boy's magic which was helping to heal him. Bagroth slumped in her chair as she watched over the child, annoyed at whomever was his carer as they had clearly mistreat him. She glanced down at the report she was writing and felt her motherly instincts flare as she stormed back to Steelmaw's office "Husband mine you will find that child's father and get him cleansed so that he may be fit enough to take care of this child because I swear on my axe if he returns to those who he is currently with I will start another goblin war." Steelmaw, who had jumped at his wife's entrance, merely nodded "I have sent a letter my *Karandi* and when he arrives I will send him to be cleansed. Aveos needs to also accept his Heir and Lord rings so that will be next on the agenda. Bagroth merely nodded before she left the office and back to the healing chambers, to see the child had awoken and was sitting up and rubbing his eyes. "Ah hello little one, how are you feeling?" Aveos looked at her and smiled a little "I am feeling lighter than I have in a while, like my soul is lighter." Bagroth smiled and clapped her hands "Brilliant, I have some stew here for you and once we have food in your stomach I will explain what is going to happen next." Aveos nodded, his now long straight hair falling in his face. With mild shock he was handed a mirror and what he saw made him pause. He still held the emerald green eyes of Lily but they were a couple of shades darker now and his face paler and more refined with high cheekbones. His hair was straight and black, not greasy though and his biggest change was he didn't need to wear the glasses anymore, his vision almost pinpoint.

"Wow...I look a lot like him." Bagroth nodded and smiled "Yes you will, the glamour to look like James Potter has been removed and in doing so has given you the true look." Aveos studied the mirror a bit more as a bed table was set up and his food placed on it. In a beautifully carved bowl was the best smelling stew he had every seen with hearty chunks of meat and perfectly cooked vegetables mixed with a piping hot broth and fluffy mash. His mouth watered at the prospect of eating this delicacy and Bagroth chuckled behind her papers as she watched him wat with gusto. Steelmaw entered a little while after they had finished with six ring sized boxes and one very large box which was about the size of a shoe box. He greeted his wife and walked to Aveos' bed and smiled "It is good to see you uninjured Aveos, I have here the rings for your Lordships, Heirships and the Crown of Emyrs. As you are the last in line for the three lordships we are able to enact what is known as the Last of Line clause which

allows underage wixen to take up the Lordship at any age before 17. It is rarely used but I believe very beneficial." Aveos nodded and Steelmaw placed the ring boxes down in the order of highest ranked house first. "We begin with the house that holds the most prestige and go from there." And with that he pushed a green velvet box towards Aveos. Aveos opened the box and on the cushion sat the Slytherin Lord ring. The band of the ring was made from a black metal of sorts and was fashioned as a snake biting its own tail whilst the cut of emerald sat on top with an 'S' carved into it and brushed with silver. Aveos placed the ring on and instantly felt something probing his magic, like an icy dagger trying to find his heart. Once it found what it wanted the cold subsided and the ring resized to fit his finger. "Well done Lord Slytherin, let us move onto the next." And with that a blue velvet box was pushed forward. On the cushion sat a copper band with three smallish sapphires buried into the metal itself. On the inside of the band read the house name of 'Ravenclaw' and when Aveos slipped it on to his finger he felt a warmth spread to his chest and mind as he had images of a lady sat in a study. She turned to hkmnand smiled as the sensation ended and the ring resized. This continued as he was handed the Potter ring which was in a lilac velvet box. It was a simple silver band with a large amethyst in the centre and a swirly 'P' engraved for sealing wax. The magic felt like a warm hig even if he wasn't an actual Potter. Just as Steelmaw was getting to the heirship rings the door burst open and in the entrance stood a furious Severus Snape.

Well fuck...this won't be an easy talk.

Chapter End Notes

> And I am leaving you on a cliffhanger (insert evil cackle). Hope you enjoyed and next time the reunion between father and son happens, talks ensue and we finally get to see Aveos wear his crown. Until next Tuesday, peace out

The Talk

Chapter Summary

> Severus gets cleansed and he and Aveos have a conversation...lots of tears ensue. Time spent in the healing rooms getting to know each other.

Chapter Notes

> Sorry I didn't upload last night, I was extremely tired and also editing my other fic. Please forgive me. Thank you to everyone for the kudos, bookmarks and just generally reading. It never ceases to make me smile.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Severus had received a summons to the bank stating 'issues with his wolfsbane patent' which was ridiculous because he knew it was airtight and couldn't be faulted. He was about to floo to the bank after breakfast when he was stopped by Dumbledore and given a fresh list of potions to make and was stuck in mindless conversation as they entered the dungeons. He told Albus he'd have them ready by the end of the week and closed his office door in the windbag's face. He may have been thankful to Albus for saving him the fate of Azkaban but he in no way shape or form enjoyed teaching, he wasn't made for it and children didn't like him. Once he'd locked his private quarters he looked at the letter from the bank and took some floo from his fireplace and shouted his destination. Stepping gracefully out of the bank's fireplace and using a grooming spell to clean the soot off his robes he walked to a teller stand and presented the letter "I need to speak to Rockjaw." The teller nodded and took him to Rockjaw's office where he waited for a few minutes. He watched as the ageing goblin hobbled in with his walking stick and hummed "May your poison run through your enemies veins Potion Master Snape." Severus nodded his head "And may your enemies know the taste of your steel Rockjaw. What is this about my patent? It was airtight." Rockjaw sighed and sat at his desk, he had no excuse so said bluntly "It is, there is nothing wrong with your patent I simply needed a reason to get you into the bank without a certain Headmaster rasing an alarm."

Severus huffed "Don't do that again, I have a lot riding on this patent. Now why am I here?" Rockjaw sighed and pushed a piece of parchment towards him and a decorative blade "In all our meetings I

have never done an inheritance test and I believe I should rectify this error." Severus looked offended "I am not polyjuiced nor am I under any compulsions." Rockjaw held up his wrinkly hand "It is nothing like that, other things have come to light last night that concern yourself." And with that he nudged the parchment closer. Severus took the blade and cut his thumb as the required seven drops landed in the bowl as the inheritance potion turned a dark and burnt orange colour. The parchment was then soaked as the words appeared on the page. Lockjaw read the contents before passing it to Severus who looked at it in disbelief, since when did he take up his Lordship? When did he marry Lily? They had a son? Questions swirled in his mind as a sudden headache pierced his mind causing a lot of pain, the spells to forget fighting him. Lockjaw called for a healer and soon they were escorting him to the hospital wing. He was furious...most of the test revealed he was under spells, leaches and lots of compulsions as well as obliviates and mind altering spells. All linked to one magical signature...Albus Dumbledore.

As Severus entered the hospital wing he saw a boy no older than about seven sat on the far bed and he jumped as Severus entered. He was with a female goblin and an account manager but what surprised him most was how similar he looked to Severus himself. The female goblin came over to them "Rockjaw, what is the meaning of this?" Rockjaw nodded to the goblin "Healer Bagroth, I have a client that needs an in depth cleansing and healing as soon as possible. Mr Snape if you will please go with Healer Bagroth and get cleansed and then hopefully your memories will return." Severus nodded and was guided to a bed where he lay back and the curtains drawn around the bed.

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It was a couple of painful hours later when Severus finally woke again, groaning as the headache ebbed away into a dull thud. He remembered everything...the taking up of his Lordship, his marriage to Lily, his son...oh gods his son was taken from him. He bolted upright as he looked around and saw the small boy sat opposite him. The small boy smiled a little and waved "Hi...welcome back to the world of the living." Severus swung his legs off the bed and approached his bed "You are the reason I am here aren't you? You are my little raven Aveos?" The boy smiled, the emerald eyes shining with unshed tears as he nodded "I am, are you my father?" Severus nodded as he drew closer and the boy...no his son smiled and launched into his arms "I'm not alone...I'm not an orphan..." And just like that the dam broke and Aveos cried into his shoulder. Severus climbed onto the boy's bed and sat with him on his lap as he held his son close. The

memories cleared and he remembered the night he was taken:

Flashback

Severus sat in his study in Prince Manor, reading through his financial statement when the wards tingled and let him know someone was at the gates. He cast a tempus noting the the floating numbers read nine thirty in the evening. "Who the bloody hell visits this late?" He mumbled to himself as he walked to the front door, wholly intent on asking them to return tomorrow. His beautiful wife came from the library and frowned at him "Sev? We have visitors this late?" Severus kissed her forehead and sighed "It would seem so flower, I will go tell then to return tomorrow." Lily nodded and walked towards the newly built nursery where their son Aveos resided. Severus walked to the gates and saw his infernal enemy James Potter stood with Albus Dumbledore and he groaned. "It's late, could you have not sent a note?" Albus smiled kindly, putting on his facade before chuckling "I am sorry to call so late Severus my boy but this couldn't wait." Severus sighed and waved the gate open as the two men entered and as he turned his back a spell hit it and Severus fell paralysed as he watched James stroll into the house. "I am sorry about this Severus...if you had just listened in the first place and done as a good pawn does...I wouldnt have to take them." And with that Severus struggled as he heard Lily screaming and Aveos crying as they were pulled from the house, James holding his son.

End

Severus shook his head to rid of the horrid memory as he stroked the back of his son...who was much too thin and small for his age. "Aveos my little raven...how did you end up here?" Aveos sat up a bit straighter and looked at his dad, finally happy to have him back "I woke up in..." he looked down, playing to the abuse card and biting his lip "I woke up in Aunt Petunia's and decided I had enough of being treat like a servant and slave so left the house and got on a bus, I had a feeling I knew where I needed to go so followed it...are you mad?" Serverus was angry but pushed it behind his shields, Dumbledore had left him with Petunia? Of all bloody people he left the saviour of the wizardinf world with the most magic hating muggle?! Oh he knew the boy is Harry Potter...well was because in reality he was his son. "Not at you raven, I am upset at Dumbledore for leaving you with Tuna Fish." Aveos chuckled and sniffled "Do I have to go back?" Severus shook his head and hugged his son "Never, now we are both cleansed we can return to Prince Manor and and make it home. We will have to be a bit sneaky though...Dumbledore might try to get in between us again." Aveos nodded and stayed in his father's lap as he hummed.

"Lord Prince, a pleasure to see you here again." An goblin interrupted and Severus smiled "Lagback, my old friend I am sorry I haven't seen you in a while." The goblin held up his hand and smiled "No need, when you were attacked I was accused of theft by Dumbledore's account manager and demoted to the mines...it was only recent events that caused me to be forgiven and return to my post." Severus gave a small chuckle and nodded as he was given the Prince Lord ring again and he was surprised it still accepted him. "Now we have damage control to do, I will be in the corner to clarify anything you need whilst I do some much needed paperwork." And with that folders appeared around him. Severus nodded and focused on Aveos that held a parchment in his hands and was fidgeting with it "This is my medical diagnosis test...figured you'd want to see it." And with that Severus took the paper and read.

It took almost twenty minutes and by the end his magic was crackling around him until a calming draught found its way into his hand and he drunk it like a shot as it took effect. His magic calmed but his murderous intent of Petunia and her husband was still there. How could they treat their nephew like this? "They hated me..." Aveos merely whispered as he hugged his own middle, a self soothing exercise that was clearly from years of touch starvation. Severus' heart broke at the sight and he bundled his son up and into him as he hugged him and soothed him "It's okay, you aren't returning ever...I will fight tooth and nail to keep us together." Aveos curled into his father and smelt the scent of potions, a strange but calming mixture. "First thing we do is make sure you have everything and then we go home and plan. You are due to start Hogwarts come September and we need to catch you up on the magical world." Aveos nodded as he got sleepy, lulled by his father's tone. "Please don't leave me again." Severus nodded in a silent vow to Mother Magic that he would go to any length to keep his son beside him.

A faint golden light glowed around them as Mother Magic accepted his vow and watched her children reunite. She had spoken to her brother Death and understood rhat she couldn't be too hard this time. They deserved a second chance and so she would give then that. Death however was in the corner of the room and was smiling for his master, after all he had his father back and rhe first steps to rhe love he deserved.

It was going to be a long and hard road but if anyone could do it...it was his master.

Chapter End Notes

And we are done for another chapter, apologies if it is a bit rushed but these chapters aren't planned as my other fic is as I am mostly just writing these as I open Ao3 whereas my other fic is planned chapter by chapter. Next time Severus learns the full extent of Aveos' inheritance test, takes Aveos home and a conversation ensues to make sure their next move begins a universal and deadly chess match

End Notes

So here is the first chapter! Please excuse any spelling mistakes and grammar and I will try and fix them as I go. Hope you enjoyed

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